

# Wichita Daily Eagle

## MR. B. NYE GOES TO SEA.

AFTER HAVING ATTENDED A CHINESE THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE.

The Voyage Rendered Interesting by the Presence of a Storm, a Practical Joker and a School of Whales—The Sturgeon's Recollections.

(Copyright, 1890, by Edgar W. Nye.)

At Marysville, Cal., I attended the Chinese theatre. I did not enjoy it very much. The building was quite plain on the inside, the seats having been voluntarily fashioned from fence boards. The play itself I judged was one of love and crime. Especially crime. Three actors and two actresses, all of the same sex, however, took part in the play. The Chinese language is very difficult for me to understand unless I pay very close attention. Once I was obliged to tell the comedian to speak a little louder.



IN THE CHINESE THEATRE.

There are several thousand characters in the Chinese. They have almost every kind of character except what is known as the moral character. The Chinese were on the eve of a big celebration in honor of the erection of the Joss house. They invited me to participate, but I told them that I had never made a profession of religion and I did not think it would be proper. So they excused me.

We took the sleeper on the Central Pacific railroad for San Francisco, and were just in time to catch the steamer State of California for Portland. Out through the Golden Gate on a glorious morning at 10 o'clock we steamed softly away, as the poet says, "Oakland, and Noh Hill, and Goat Island, and Telegraph Hill, and Lone Mountain, and the Cliff House, and Sausalito, and one by one faded away. The crouching bay of the sea lions grew more indistinct, the automatic engine quickened its stroke, and we were abroad on the heaving chest of the Pacific.

Some got out their glasses, and others their summer literature, and some their lunches, but most every one went below to divest himself of what is known as the California flea. The California flea does not differ from the American flea, except that it is a trifle darker on the stomach, and is also the hopeless victim of insomnia. His motto is: "We never sleep, nor allow anybody else to do so." Also, "We do not die in the house."

This little insect is what might be termed a taft hunter. He seeks out the great and the eminent of all ages and all climes. He associates with his superiors as little embarrassment as a member of the legislature would. He also has a way of attracting attention to himself which must arouse the envy and admiration of Denis Kearney.

Large flocks of sea gulls, poised on graceful wing, followed us far out to sea. The gull is not a very pretty bird, neither is he a good singer. He flies with much ease and grace, but his song reminds me of the remark made by an aged horse I once owned, who had formed the unfortunate habit of cribbing. The gull is a good rooster, but his voice needs a little machine oil on the second joint. He pursues a ship on tireless wing for days at a time, taking anything that may be offered by kind friends, always giving a grateful creak in return. His ambitions are not praiseworthy, however, and his aspirations are offal.

On the way out of the bay I saw our old friend the practical joker. He had been with us several days on the cars and at hotels. He was getting some more jokes ready for the voyage. God did not see fit to shower any brains on him, but after completing the flea and pronouncing him good the practical joker was produced from the shavings and debris left over on the completion of the flea.

He began life by jerking the chair out from beneath the old blind grandmother and laughing immoderately when she broke her neck. He then advanced rapidly in hellishness, doing this same trick for the pastor whilst the latter temporarily stood up at table in order more deftly to stab a hot, saleratus biscuit. The boy now began to try more difficult jobs and soon called out to St. Bernard dog. Then, lighting him, he turned him loose in a primary school for the blind, where he succeeded in burning up quite a number of children, whilst his own eyes twinkled with merriment.

Oh, he just bubbled over with this rough spirit of gentle fun.

Well, he was on board. I did not like him very much, for he had stuffed my pipestem full of paper once, and though I got it out in half the time it took him to put it in, I have no patience with a large, full grown man with whiskers who has nothing better to do than to study out practical jokes which would disgrace a reform school and shock a "Siwash" Indian.

have commanded my sympathy if he had been a human being.

How much better it is to leave our revenge in the hands of a higher power! How much better it will be attended to and how much time it gives us in which to mind our own business! That young man, when he got to the mouth of the Columbia, was the most untended and deserted and absolutely unfurnished man I ever saw.

He wanted to die, but I told him it would not be right. I went in to see him frequently. I would most always take him some Vienna sausages and boiled cabbage, with hot doughnuts or some little delicacy like that, and while they shed their gentle fragrance through his hot, close room, I would speak to him of his lot and undo condition in low, passionate tones, meantime smoking a rich, brown cob pipe loaded with dog leg tobacco.

I often think yet of the hopeless look on his face and wonder if, after all, during that terrible voyage, my gentle presence soaked a single ray of sunshine into his otherwise dark and cheerless life.

It was a terrible storm. We did not realize it fully at the time, but afterward, while on shore, refitting and refurbishing ourselves, we found out that it had been a very severe gale, and that the Sound steamer Umatilla had suffered considerably, and a Sound steamer would suffer at such a time what could you expect of an unsound one? But we will let that pass.

The mouth of the Columbia is one of the most active and dangerous, if we except that of Corporal Tanner, perhaps, that I have ever met up with. Looking into it on that Sabbath morning I judged the river to be about fourteen thousand years of age. And yet its teeth are very good. We could see them distinctly.

At daybreak I rose, as is my custom, to examine the sun, and also to see the practical joker dusting off the coating of his stomach by means of a whisk broom, and to our left the shaggy brow of Cape Disappointment loomed up in the cold gray of the early morning. The yellow waters of the Columbia came down to salute the deep blue of the Pacific, and over the Bar the white breakers mingled their spray with the threatening sky.

It is a many place to ride over even when you are feeling well, but if one has been ill and has not yet recovered, one almost wishes that the ship would go to the bottom and not be too dilatory about it, either. So the practical joker told me, for I was not ill at all. I took my meals frequently and ate them in his room. At night I would, before going to bed, eat some crackers and Swiss cheese by his bedside, while I read to him page after page of "Robert Elmore." When he reads this I fear sometimes that he will almost hate me. And yet I am not malicious myself. I love everybody. Almost. And I try to make their lives happier, if I can. I shed sunshine wherever I go, sometimes.

We rode along with a primary school of whales the last day. There must have been a dozen of them. A man who knew everything, having been associated two or three weeks with the Rev. Joseph Cook, said they were right whales. I do not know how he could tell, for you couldn't see a particle of the whale except the squirt of water which marked his locality. But some men are so able that at times it must give them great physical pain.

He told me all about whales and everything else. I did not know that whales were rights and lefts, but it seems that they are. Whale oil is not used in salad dressing any more. The whale is a mammal, I would rather be a right whale than to be president. The female whale does not lay eggs like the fish, but produces her young alive like the Pinta Indian and other brutes. She nurses her own young, especially if help should be scarce, and sometimes becomes the head of quite a family.

The father, however, is quite migratory and irresponsible to a degree. Whales live to a great age and lead a very wet and uneventful life. They are taken with the harpoon.



BRINGING HIM VIANAS.

The whaler, while singing, accompanies himself on this instrument. My ancestors were whalers and men of undaunted courage, so they were often heard to say. They went into the whaling business at that time in the history of the country when the pirate business became so dull along the high seas. It was a poor substitute, but it was the best they could do. If they had lived a little longer they could have gone into the grand larceny publishing business or lobbied at Washington against the copyright bill.

The Columbia river sturgeon is also a large water fowl, frequently growing to a great size. He attains a weight of 600 pounds, and has a head that looks like that of Goliath of Gath after his two round set-to with David.

I saw one of these sturgeons lying on the dock at Kalama the other day. He was dead, and looked like a fat man I saw in the Park morgue last summer. His head weighed 100 pounds—the sturgeon's head, I mean. And there isn't a brain into it, either. The sturgeon gives very little thought to his future. Or his past for that matter.

An honest resident of Oregon told me how the sturgeons, during the high water, got into his cellar and ate sixty bushels of his potatoes. At night they would also come up stairs and bite the children. They plagued him a good deal. Often they would chase the cattle around the yard and frighten his wife. They almost ate him out of house and home; but in the midst of their wild orgies in the cellar they struck a jar of Pompeian Yamhill butter, and death was swift and painless.

When the Columbia river fisherman succeeds in his day's work by catching seven or eight of these 600 pound sturgeons he puts them on a willow stringer, and as he trudges gayly home with them in his hand it is a gladsome sight.

The sturgeon dies hard, often refusing to ascend the golden stair for twenty-four hours after he is removed from the water. Although his head often weighs over 100 pounds, he is not a deep thinker, and it takes him a day or two to get it through his head that he is a corpse. Aside from the Greenback party and Thompson's cot, he probably does more to discourage the overworked fool killer than anybody of whom history has informed us.

He likes very much, also, to wrap the drapery of a large salmon net about him and lie down to pleasant dreams. When he is rudely awakened he hears strange voices. They are fishermen's voices. They are employed in swearing. I heard them doing this one day, down toward Astoria, when I was aboard the S. G. Reed. They are generally men who have had very few advantages, especially of foreign travel, or study of the profanity of the old world, but they manage to get along very well, I thought. I could hear all they said, and I judged from the general drift of their conversation that this thing was distasteful to them.

*B. Nye*

\*I have since learned that some of the above facts were greatly exaggerated.

B. N.

A Noble Nature.

Jones is a member of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals and enters heart and soul into the work.

The other day a friend was complaining because he had been compelled to lodge in a room infested by fleas and had spent the night in trying to reduce their number.

"Poor things!" exclaimed Jones, all the milk of human kindness promptly bubbling up within him, "how you must have made them suffer."—Judge.

On a Muddy Day.



Doncaster—How'd you do it, dear boy?

Twedley—Since that horrid fashion came in of carrying cane ferule end up I keep forgetting myself and sticking it in me mouth.—Judge.

Family Thrift.

"George," inquired the proprietor of the market, "isn't this the day to send Mrs. Neer her regular chicken?"

"No," answered the boy; "it doesn't go till day after tomorrow."

"The Neers get just one chicken a week," explained the proprietor to a customer. "They cook it for dinner the first day, make soup from it the next four days and then live for two days on feathers, and I've got to be particular about sending the chicken at the right time or I'll lose their trade."—Chicago Tribune.

He Believed It.

Irate Parent—I (whack) won't be deceived (whack) by you any (whack) more! I can (whack) see through (whack) you!

Johnny (across his knee)—I shouldn't wonder a bit, pa. You've been pounding me long enough to make a hole clear through me.—Lawrence American.

Strong Language.

"I hear some hard words passed between you?"

"Yes; he called me a megalophonous megalasaurus. To which I retorted that, in comparison with him, the antediluvian cyclopteridae would not have been in it."—Harper's Bazar.

Strictly Business.

Lady—I would like to get a servant girl. The family consists of my husband, myself and five children.

Employment Agent—Very sorry, madam, but you will have to kill off some of the children.—Yenowine's News.

He Was Safe.

He—Don't tell me you're going to marry Tom Smithers. If you do, it will kill me.

She—You're safe then. I'm going to marry Bob Sawyer.—Van Dorn's Magazine.

To Celebrate the Day.

Ella—Did you have any Bermuda lilies for Easter?

Bella—No, but we had some Bermuda onions for dinner.—Lowell Citizen.

Their Usual Cause.

"What are dreams made of?" wildly cries some poet. Dreams are made of pies.—Merchant Traveler.

Glad of a Chance.

"What do you think of the clothing trade?" said the tramp to the scarecrow, after swapping suits with him.

"I like it better than I do the stationary business," answered the scarecrow.—Puck.

A Fatly Loss.

Sappy—Yaas, doncherknow, when that great howrid footpad came at me I quite lost my head.

Miss Pert—Indeed! How easily you escaped!—Lawrence American.

Hard Work.

Murderer (after acquittal)—You are to be praised for your effectiveness. Lawyer—I know it, but it's very hard to make a good speech when you've got two throats to clear.—Jester.

A Sincere Girl.

"Miss Brown is a very sincere girl." "Indeed! In what way?"

"Why, I asked her last night if she loved me, and she said 'No.'—Harper's Bazar.

A Counter-Balance.

Lady Customer—This is such a very small bunnet.

Man Milliner—Ah, yes, madame, but ze price is large.—Chicago Times.

An Old Story.

Lamb—Any rise in my S. B. and F. R. N?

Broker—Yes. The whole company has gone up.—Puck.

## CONCERNING KATE FIELD.

A Correspondent Writes of This Brilliant, Bravely Woman.

NEW YORK, April 17.—Kate Field, who is characterized by a prominent journalist as the very brainiest woman in the United States, is an easy woman to interview. She throws herself back in her steamer chair which has gone all over creation and a part of Canada with her, crosses her small feet and begins talking as slowly as if dictating to a typewriter, giving you plenty of time to jot some of her opinions. "I sympathize with the interviewer," she said to me, "for often as a journalistic relaxation I interview some one."



KATE FIELD.

This brilliant, audacious, aggressive woman talks much as she writes in clear, caustic style and with a smile on her lips even when dealing the most cutting blows. She is a curious mixture of diplomacy and fearlessness, now veiling her real sentiments under the most polite of utterances, anon flinging direct and sets forth her ideas with an air which seems to say: "That's what I, Kate Field, think. You can like it or not, as you please."

Katherine Van Arnhem, a very talented and beautiful Chicago singer, was present one day when Miss Field was laying down laws for using the voice, which the artist at once discovered to be absolutely worthless. Miss Van Arnhem is always ready to discuss the regulation of the voice, and although she was a comparative stranger to Miss Field, at once joined issue with her.

"How do you dare, Miss Field, to say thus and so about the manner in which one should use the voice in singing—you, who cannot use it properly in speaking, even?"

"And pray, who are you," sharply asked Miss Field, "to dispute me in this fashion?"

"Well," said Van Arnhem, "I may be very small potatoes compared to Miss Kate Field, but I know something of the voice, and I tell you you are all wrong."

After this tilt the two became great friends. Another woman who dares to differ from this distinguished feminine autocrat is Margaret Sullivan, of Chicago. She was breakfasting with Miss Field not long since in Washington, and was pouring milk in her tea when Kate cried:

"How can you drink milk in your tea? Don't you know that it's leather?"

"I like leather," was the calm reply of Mrs. Sullivan, as she proceeded to drink her tea.

Miss Field's signature is perfectly consonant with the character of the aggressive woman who penned it. Here it is:

*Kate Field*

There is a dash of business, a smack of conceit, a propensity to fight and a tendency to lay the law down pretty sharply visible in this signature. Any one who has ever come in contact with Kate Field would expect just such a fist from her.

E. S. T.

A Girdle of Pies Round the Earth.

NEW YORK, April 17.—A president of one of the big pie baking establishments of this city who has a head for figures recently figured out that nearly 25,000,000 pies were eaten in New York every year.

This sounds like a fairy yarn, but when figured out it allows just fifteen pies a year to every man, woman and child in the city. One pie will cut into four pieces, fifteen pies will make sixty pieces, and one piece eaten every six days will make fifteen pies a year. There are a great many in the city who eat times this amount of pie every year, and there are a great many who never eat it at all.

The average cost of a pie is ten cents, and thus the average amount of money spent in this city for pie each year is \$2,500,000. There is a pie for every season of the year—mince pie for winter, apple pie for fall, winter and spring, huckleberry pie for summer, and peach pie, plum pie, cherry pie, cranberry pie, pumpkin pie, custard pie, pineapple pie, lemon pie, rhubarb pie and every other kind of pie for almost every week in the year. Mince pie is said to have the biggest sale, and in one bakery alone tons of mince meat are made every year, and forty barrels of apples are chopped up every day.

The average pie is a foot in diameter, so in a single year the citizens of this city eat more than 4,500 miles of pie, and in less than two years and a half they will have eaten enough pie to have formed a band of pie crust around the earth at the equator.

The average pie is two inches thick and if placed one on top of another the pie eaten in two and a half years would reach to the height of a thousand miles. Taking the average weight of a pie as one pound, the total weight consumed in one year would be 12,500 tons. If all this pie were put in one heap and the average weight carried away by men, women and children was fifteen pounds each, it would take the entire population of the city of New York to remove it, if no one took a second load.

CHARLES WILLES.

Facility of the Fair Sex.

Harry—When a woman is mad with you, you are likely to hear some plain truths from her.

Betty—Yes.

H—I have observed it. Moreover, careful as she is about keeping from you the knowledge of how old she is ordinarily, it seems she is not so cautious when in a passion.

B—No.

H—No. When she is thoroughly mad she never seeks to conceal her rage.—New York Herald.

## Fourth National Bank.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

PAID UP CAPITAL - - - \$200,000  
SURPLUS - - - 16,000

## DIRECTORS:

R. T. Bean, E. R. Powell, O. D. Barnes, L. R. Cole, J. P. Allen, R. W. Waller, G. W. Lattimore, J. M. Moore, B. O. Graves.

## State National Bank.

OF WICHITA, KAN.

CAPITAL - - - \$100,000  
SURPLUS - - - 80,000

## DIRECTORS:

John R. Carey, George W. Waller, W. F. Green, J. P. Allen, R. W. Waller, J. M. Moore, P. V. Hays, R. E. Lawrence, J. A. Davidson, C. R. Ragan.

## West Side National Bank

CAPITAL, Paid Up, \$100,000.

## DIRECTORS:

R. E. Lawrence, O. D. Barnes, H. L. Smithson, R. H. Hays, M. Stanton, C. P. Coleman, C. R. Campbell, L. Simpson, J. A. Davidson.

## Wichita National Bank.

PAID UP CAPITAL - - - \$250,000  
SURPLUS - - - 50,000

## DIRECTORS:

S. H. Kohn, A. W. Oliver, M. W. Levy, L. A. Walton, J. P. Allen, N. P. Niderlander, W. R. Tucker, John Davidson, J. C. Ragan.

## Do a General Banking, Collecting and Brokerage Business.

Eastern and Foreign Exchange bought and sold. United States bonds of all denominations bought and sold. County, Township and Municipal bonds bought.

## TWO CENT

Advertising obtains new customers. Advertising keeps old customers. Advertising liberally always pays. Advertising makes money easy. Advertising is proof of energy. Advertising exhibits pluck. Advertising means success. Advertising immediately. Advertising constantly. Advertising regularly. Advertising well. ADVERTISE IN OUR

## J. P. ALLEN, Druggist.

Everything Kept in a First-Class Drug Store

108 EAST DOUGLAS AVE.

WICHITA, - - - KAN.

## DAVIDSON & CASE

Successors to

John Davidson, Pioneer Lumberman

of Sedgewick County.

ESTABLISHED IN 1870.

## A Complete Stock of Pine Lumber.

Shingles, Lath, Doors, Sash, etc., always on hand.

Office and yards on Mosley avenue between Douglas and Fort streets. Branch yards at Union City and Oklahoma City, I. T.

## OLIVER BROS.,

—DEALERS IN—

## LUMBER.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

Yards at Wichita, Mayfield, Wellington, Harper, Atchita, Garden Plain, Anthony, Arkansas City, Topeka and Haven.

## SHAFER & MAHANEY

Coal, Gravel, Roofing, Roofing and Building Materials.

TELEPHONE NO. 104.

18th St. and 4th Ave. Wichita, Kan.

## HOTEL-METROPOLE.

CASEBERRY & DEAN, Prop's.

WICHITA, - - - KANSAS.

Elevator, Steam Heat, Bath Room, Electric Bell, Good Sample Rooms, Lighted by Electricity. First-class in all respects.

# THE WICHITA EAGLE

(M. M. MURDOCK & BRO., Props.)  
Lithographers, Publishers, Printers,  
Stationers, Binders, and  
Blank Book Makers.

## JOB PRINTING.

One of the most complete Job Printing Offices in the State. Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Cards, Catalogues, Price Lists, Premium Lists, Stock Certificates, Checks, Drafts, Book Printing, etc. News and Job Printing of all kinds.

## LITHOGRAPHING.

All branches of Lithographing, Bonds, Checks, Drafts, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Cards, etc. We have first-class designers and engravers.

## ENGRAVING.

Wedding Invitations and Announcement Cards, Luncheon Cards, Calling Cards, etc.

## BLANK BOOKS.

Blank Books of all kinds made to order, Bank, City, County, and commercial work a specialty. Sole agents for Bronson's Patent Automatic Level Joint Binding. Endorsed by book-keepers, bankers and county officers. Nothing made equal to it for strength and flat opening. Will open at any page, and lie perfectly flat when opened at any part of the book, permitting writing across both pages as easily as one. It is the only book that will open out perfectly flat from the first page to the last, thus enabling one to write into the fold as easily as at any part of the page. Send for circular.

## BINDING.

Magazine, Law Book and Pamphlet binding of all kinds, rebinding, etc.

## Blank Department.

All kinds of Legal Blanks for city, county and township officers, Deeds, Mortgages, Abstracts, Receipt and Note Books, Real Estate and Rental Agency Books and Blanks, Attorney's Legal Blanks, etc.

## County Officers' City Officers'

Books and Blanks.